A REALISTIC COMIC

CRIME NEVER WINS

GANGSTERS AND GUN MOLLS

10c
No.3

JUANITA PEREZ, the GYPSY KILLER
•
CRIME'S HOMICIDE SQUAD
•
INSURANCE FOR DEATH
•
MARIE SWAIN "ROD-BABY"

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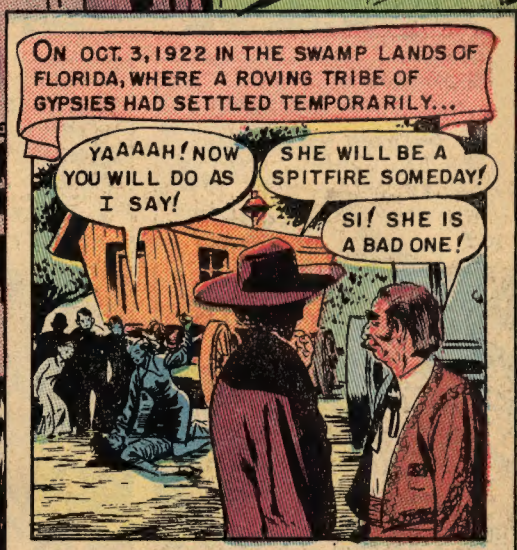
JUANITA PEREZ

THE GYPSY KILLER!

GYPSY THIEF, EMBEZZLING CLERK, DANCE HALL GIRL, GUN TOTING GANG LOOKOUT, DOPE PUSHER, CORRUPT WARD ASSISTANT, UNDERWORLD QUEEN--THE CAREER OF THIS THRILL CRAZED MURDERESS SEEMS INCREDIBLE! BUT THESE WERE ONLY A FEW OF THE NEFARIOUS ACTIVITIES IN WHICH SHE ENGAGED! LIKE ALL CRIMINALS, JUANITA PEREZ HAD HER LIFE ALL MAPPED OUT FOR HER--A LIFE THAT WOULD LEAD HER STRAIGHT TO THE PENITENTIARY AND EVENTUALLY TO--DEATH!



BY THE TIME SHE WAS SEVENTEEN, JUANITA HAD BECOME AN ACCOMPLISHED PETTY THIEF...

MONEY IS MISSING FROM OUR TENTS. TAKE YOUR THINGS AND GO!

HAH! GLADLY!

JUANITA TOOK A JOB IN AN INDUSTRIAL PLANT IN A LARGE SOUTHERN CITY---

UMM... WHO IS THAT GIRL, HUTCHINS?

I'LL FIND OUT FOR YOU, SIR!

AND SOON, THE BEAUTIFUL GYPSY HAD WHAT SHE WANTED—

YOU'VE TORTURED ME FOR MONTHS! I'LL GIVE *ANYTHING*... TO WIN YOU!

WITH MONEY, WE COULD GO TO SOUTH AMERICA!

SHE WAS DESTINED TO BE FATAL TO THOSE AROUND HER... THE HARRIED MAN EMBEZZLED THE COMPANY'S FUNDS, AND RUSHED TO HER APARTMENT...

I.. I GOT IT! ALL SET!

YES, HONEY! ALL SET!

WHA--! NO -- UGH-HH!

PLEASANT DREAMS, SUCKER!

SO, JUANITA PEREZ JOURNIED TO NEW ORLEANS, WHERE HER ILL-GOTTEN GAINS SOON VANISHED IN RIOTOUS LIVING...

I NEED A JOB, JACQUES! HOW ABOUT IT?

SURE! WE ALWAYS NEED ANOTHER HOSTESS! HA, HA!

AS A DANCE-HALL HOSTESS JUANITA MET THE DREGS OF SOCIETY... AMONG THEM WAS ED REILLY, A LOCAL HOOD.

YOU CAN BE REAL CLASS, BABY! STICK WITH ME — AN' GET RICH!

MAYBE I WILL, HONEY...

JUANITA'S MAYBE MEANT YES! THE VIGNON GANG--A VICIOUS GROUP OF CUT-THROATS, INITIATED HER IN TYPICAL STYLE...

THIS HERE'S YOUR ROD, SUGAR!

I EVEN LIKE THE FEEL OF IT, ED!

THEN, ON JUNE 15, 1942, AT A LARGE DEPARTMENT STORE...

ALL CLEAR, BOYS!

GOOD! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

JUANITA BECAME THE LOOKOUT FOR THE GANG! ROBBERY FOLLOWED ROBBERY...AND THE GYPSY GIRL BEGAN TO USE HER GUN...

BUT, ON NOVEMBER 14, THE AUTHORITIES CLOSED IN ON MISS PEREZ AND HER FRIENDS.

ALL RIGHT MEN--LIVELY NOW! COVER ALL EXITS!

YAAA-AH! COME AN' GET US, COPPERS! PASS ME SOME MORE CLIPS, JUANITA!

SURE, HERE!

THESE CHARACTERS ARE THROUGH! I'VE GOT TO ESCAPE!

HEY--WHERE YA GOING? JUANITA!

SO LONG, ED! IT WAS NICE WHILE IT LASTED! TOO BAD IT HAD TO END UP LIKE THIS!

COME BACK, YA @#%:*!!

YAAAAA-AAH!

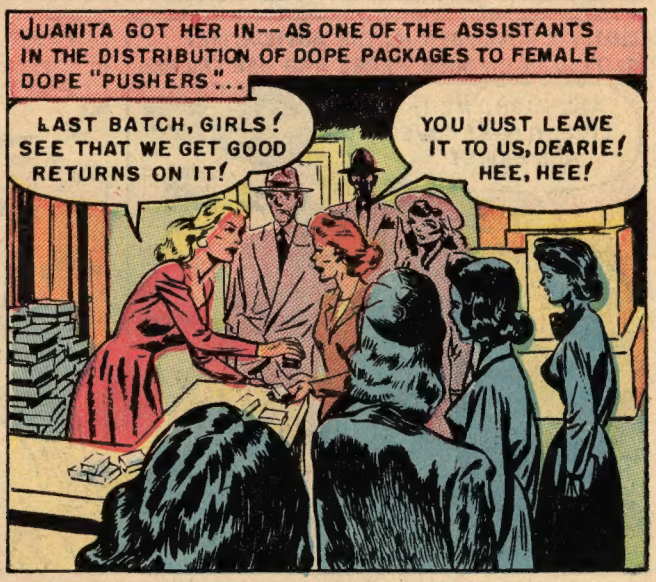
I'VE LEARNED A LESSON! I'LL NEVER MAKE ONE PLACE MY HIDEOUT AGAIN...

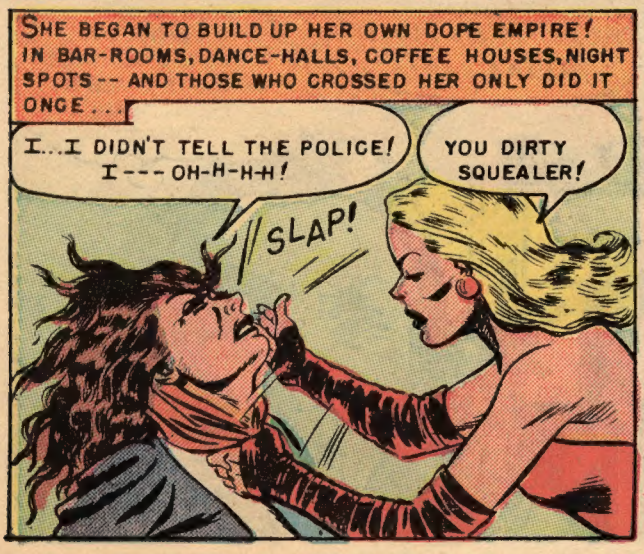
NEEDLESS TO SAY, JUANITA ESCAPED! WEEKS LATER SHE ARRIVED IN NEW YORK CITY--PLAYING NOW STRICTLY FOR BIG TIME...
YOUR SUITE IS READY, MISS--?
POLLARD... JANET POLLARD! THANK YOU!

AND LATER...
DA BOSS WANTS TA SEE YUH!
HE WORKS FAST! I TOLD HIM I WAS COMING HERE!

THEY ESCORTED JUANITA TO A SUMPTUOUS LAYOUT...
JUANITA PEREZ! GLAD TO SEE YOU IN TOWN! THINGS ROUGH IN ORLEANS?
NOT ENOUGH TO STOP ME! AND THE NAME'S JANET POLLARD!

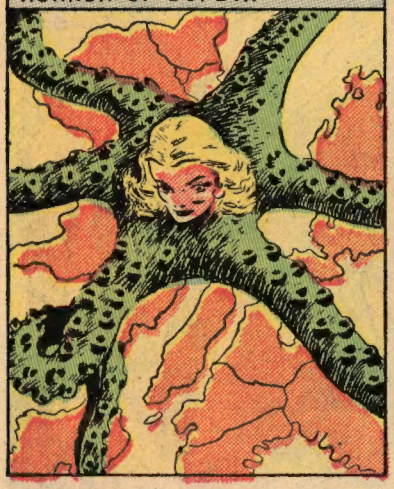
SWELL! I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU FOR SOME TIME! HOW ABOUT JOINING MY ORGANIZATION?
THAT'S WHY I'M HERE! NO MORE PEANUTS FOR ME! I WANT IN---


JUANITA GOT HER IN--AS ONE OF THE ASSISTANTS IN THE DISTRIBUTION OF DOPE PACKAGES TO FEMALE DOPE "PUSHERS"...
LAST BATCH, GIRLS! SEE THAT WE GET GOOD RETURNS ON IT!
YOU JUST LEAVE IT TO US, DEARIE! HEE, HEE!


SHE BEGAN TO BUILD UP HER OWN DOPE EMPIRE! IN BAR-ROOMS, DANCE-HALLS, COFFEE HOUSES, NIGHT SPOTS -- AND THOSE WHO CROSSED HER ONLY DID IT ONCE...
I...I DIDN'T TELL THE POLICE! I---OH-H-H-H!
YOU DIRTY SQUEALER!
SLAP!

YOU WANTED OUT--BUT YOU CAN NEVER GET AWAY FROM THE WEED HABIT--IT EATS INTO YOU--YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE IT! WELL--YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GET IT! YOU'LL SUFFER--BEFORE THE BOYS TAKE CARE OF YOU! HA, HA...

JUANITA'S INFLUENCE SPREAD LIKE THE UGLY TENTACLES OF AN OCTOPUS! TEMPTING, DEGRADING, MURDERING NEW VICTIMS VIA THE NIGHTMARISH HORROR OF DOPE...

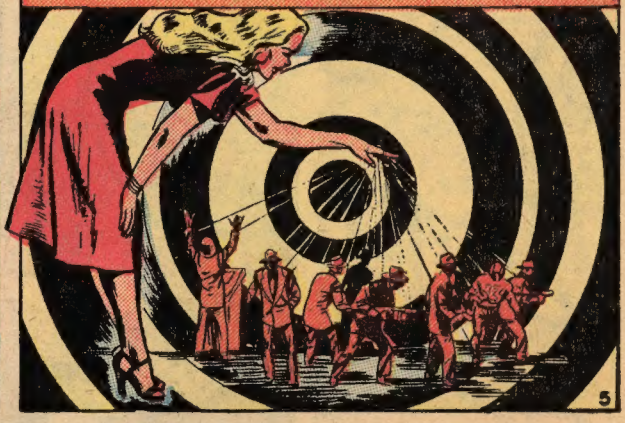


THE SYNDICATE PROMOTED HER! SHE WAS FEARED AND HELD IN HIGH ESTEEM BY THE UNDERWORLD FOR HER BRAINS AND HER RUTHLESS CRUELTY!

BUT IN A CRACK-DOWN BY POLICE OFFICIALS, THE SYNDICATE WAS BROKEN! SO JANE POLLARD WENT TO THE SEASHORE FOR HER "HEALTH"!

BUT TONY ARROLA, SECOND IN COMMAND OF THE SYNDICATE, TOOK OVER THE CITY'S RACKETS SOON AFTERWARDS--AND WITH HIM WAS--MISS POLLARD!

AMID DISSENSION, JUANITA QUICKLY PROVED HER CRIMINAL GENIUS. HUGE BETTING AND DOPE SYNDICATES WERE SET UP. SHE BOUGHT CORRUPT GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS. HER GANGS INFILTRATED INTO THE SPORTS RACKETS...



SHE ENTERED HIGH SOCIETY AND HAD HERSELF PUBLICIZED AS A "GOOD CITIZEN." SHE DONATED TO CHARITIES FOR NEEDY ORGANIZATIONS...
---SO PLEASE CONTRIBUTE ALL YOU CAN! THANK YOU!
I'VE SEEN HER BEFORE. NO--SHE CAN'T BE! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

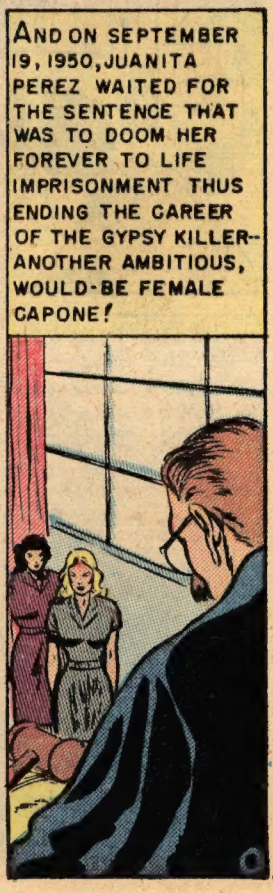
AMONG THE GUESTS WAS I.R. MOODY, A LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICER FROM NEW ORLEANS. IT WAS PURE CHANCE THAT HE RECOGNIZED JUANITA PEREZ--BUT IN HER APARTMENT THE NEXT DAY...
I CALLED YOU BECAUSE--WHA--?
GET YOUR HANDS UP! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

THE FEDS! HOW? WHAT?
NEVER MIND, HOW! QUICK! OUT THE BACK WAY!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

JUANITA PEREZ'S LIEUTENANTS WERE SUBDUED IMMEDIATELY, AND AS FOR THEIR BEAUTIFUL LEADER...
WHY DOESN'T THIS LOAD START UP? COME ON--COME ON--!
BANG
RRRR...RRRR...RRRRR!

SURRENDER, JUANITA! YOU'RE CORNERED!
I'LL SEE YOU ALL DEAD FIRST, COPPERS!
CLICK! CLICK!

GRAB HER, MEN! HER MASQUERADING IS OVER!
YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! I'M JANE POLLARD! DO YOU HEAR ME? LET ME GO!
STEP QUIETLY, YOU!


AND ON SEPTEMBER 19, 1950, JUANITA PEREZ WAITED FOR THE SENTENCE THAT WAS TO DOOM HER FOREVER TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT THUS ENDING THE CAREER OF THE GYPSY KILLER--ANOTHER AMBITIOUS, WOULD-BE FEMALE CAPONE!

Complete 15 Piece "TEXAS RANGER" COWBOY OUTFIT All for $1.98

Never Before-Never Again A VALUE LIKE THIS!

Sized to fit all ages from 2 to 12

You Get the Entire COWBOY or COWGIRL OUTFIT All For One LOW PRICE $1.98

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- Genuine Texas Ranger Eye Mask like all cowboys wear.
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↓ BACK VIEW

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☐ 1 Cowboy and 1 Cowgirl Outfit @ $3.79

Please state age of youngster getting Outfit _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

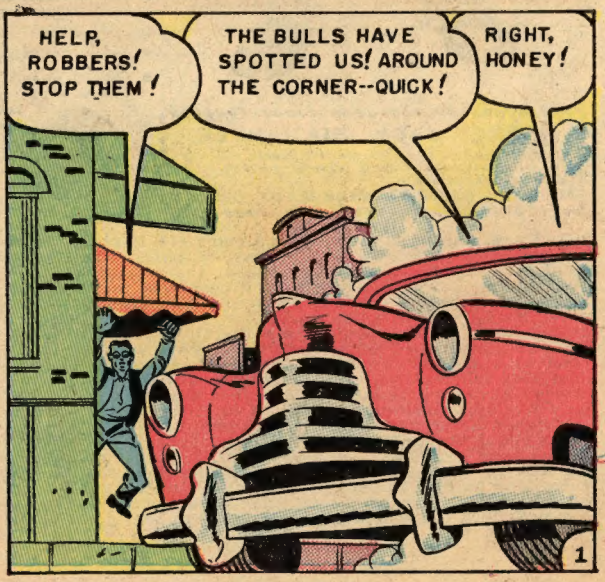
TOWN _____ STATE _____

☐ Enclosed is full amount in advance plus only 10c for which you will ship my order as checked above all shipping charges prepaid to my door.

INSURANCE FOR DEATH!

COME ON, BULLS! TRY AND CATCH ME? WHAT'S THE MATTER? CAN'T? HA, HA, HA!

CRIME, LIKE A BUSINESS, HAS ITS EXPERTS AND TECHNICIANS FOR SPECIAL JOBS. ROCKY LEWIS WAS NEITHER EXPERT NOR SKILLED IN ANYTHING BUT THE BUTCHERING OF INNOCENT VICTIMS. THIS, COUPLED WITH AN AMBITION TO MAKE A FAST BUCK STARTED HIM IN A RACKET THAT BATHED CRIMINAL HISTORY IN BLOOD AND TERROR! "*INSURANCE FOR DEATH!*"



TWISTING, TURNING CORNERS, DODGING TRAFFIC, THE GETAWAY CAR SPED ALONG HIGHWAY 9, IN DESPERATE FLIGHT FOR ITS LIFE, FOLLOWED BY THE POLICE!

RAT TAT TAT

BANG BANG

THEY HIT OUR LEFT TIRE!

GIVE ME THE WHEEL, BETTY! I'LL...*WATCH OUT FOR THAT DITCH! YAAAH!*

OUT OF THAT MANGLED WRECK STAGGERED TWO FIGURES... THAT OF A MAN AND A GIRL... SHOCKED, DAZED...NEARLY HALF DEAD...

THE BOYS... THEY'RE D...DEAD... ROCKY... I...I CAN'T...

MOVE, I SAID... MOVE! WE GOT TO GET OUTTA HERE! UNDER THOSE BUSHES... HURRY!

MAKING A BREATH-TAKING ESCAPE, ROCKY LEWIS, THE GANG LEADER, AND HIS GIRL OPENED UP THEIR BAG OF LOOT IN THEIR HIDEOUT AFTERWARDS...

IT...IT WAS HORRIBLE! WE NEARLY GOT KILLED, ROCKY! *KILLED!* OHHH! NEVER AGAIN!

SHUT UP! WE GOT ENOUGH DOUGH TO...

A FEW CENTURY NOTES! HA, HA... THREE HUNDRED BUCKS... AND WE RISKED OUR NECKS FOR THAT! HA, HA...

WELL, MASTERMIND...WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

WE LAY LOW UNTIL THE HEAT DIES DOWN! I'M THROUGH WITH THIS LOUSY RACKET...SEE? THERE'S GOT TO BE ANOTHER WAY OF BREAKING INTO THE BIG-TIME! AND I'M GOING TO BE BIG-TIME! ME...ROCKY LEWIS!

THIS DESIRE FOR POWER HAD BECOME A PART OF THE GANGSTER'S LIFE. HE LIVED FOR THIS DREAM. EVERYTHING HE DID, HE DID FOR HIMSELF--KING LEWIS--EMPEROR LEWIS--
WE'LL HAVE THE BEST GANG AROUND THE BLOCK! I'LL BE THE BRAINS, AND --
NUTS TO THAT! EITHER I LEAD THIS GANG--OR NONE OF US JOIN!
ROCKY GOT HIS WAY. HE WASN'T PHYSICALLY STRONG OR EXCEPTIONAL. BUT HE HAD THE GLEAM OF A FANATIC CRIMINAL IN HIS EYE!
OKAY--OKAY--GET IT STARTED! THIS LOAD SHOULD NET US GOOD DOUGH!
STOP!! THIEVES!
A YEAR OF PETTY ROBBERY, CAR STEALING, AND ALLEY FIGHTS CHANGED ROCKY INTO A SHREWD GANG LEADER. THEN THE AUTHORITIES CAUGHT UP WITH HIM--AND HE WAS SENT TO A REFORM-FARM FOR THREE YEARS...
I'M BREAKING OUTTA HERE, SEE?
AW, CAN IT, "KING"! STOP ACTING AND GET BACK TO WORK!
BUT ESCAPE ROCKY DID, AND JOINED UP WITH A WESTERN MOB, AS A HOOD. SOON HIS COLD-BLOODED BUTCHERY AND CUNNING BRAIN WON HIM CONTROL OF THE GANG--THEN MURDERS, ROBBERIES, AND HI-JACKING REALLY STARTED!
UNTIL THE DAY HE CRASHED INTO A DITCH! NOW HE WAS HIDING IN FEAR, TRYING FRANTICALLY TO THINK OF A WAY TO MAKE MONEY...
ROCKY, WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING! WE'RE STARVING!
DON'T I KNOW IT? HEY--THAT OLD JERK IS GOING TO GET HURT!
IS HE DEAD?
YES! SOMEBODY CALL THE POLICE!
I DIDN'T EVEN SEE HIM! HE STEPPED RIGHT INTO MY PATH!

ROCKY THOUGHT NOTHING OF THE ACCIDENT, BUT A FEW DAYS LATER, AS HE READ A NEWSPAPER IN HIS CHEAP HOTEL ROOM...

BABY—LISTEN TO THIS! "FAMILY OF ACCIDENT VICTIM GET $50,000 FROM INSURANCE COMPANY." JUST LIKE THAT!

SO WHAT? THE JERK WAS LUCKY TO BE INSURED!

THAT'S WHAT I MEAN! HE GETS BUMPED OFF AND HIS BENEFICIARIES COLLECT! NO FUSS--NO BOTHER! BETTY, I GOT A BIG IDEA FOR A RACKET--*A BIG IDEA!*

TWO WEEKS LATER, ROCKY LEWIS WAS IN THE NEW YORK OFFICE OF ANTHONY CARDELL, BIG CORPORATION LAWYER AND THE UNDERWORLD'S SECRET LEGAL ADVISER...

IT'S A CINCH TO WORK. WE'LL MAKE MILLIONS.

PERHAPS, BUT I DON'T WANT ANY PART OF IT.

THE INSURANCE COMPANIES KEEP A VIGILANT LOOKOUT FOR PROFESSIONAL ACCIDENT VICTIMS—"FLOPS", THEY'RE CALLED. SECOND, WE CAN'T PLACE ANY CONFIDENCE IN THESE "FLOPS." THEY MIGHT TALK!

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND ME, CARDELL, I'LL MAKE MY OWN ACCIDENT VICTIMS! YOUR JOB WILL BE TO SIGN 'EM UP WITH THE COMPANIES AND GET PHONY BENEFICIARIES...

SOUNDS GOOD. YOU CAN COUNT ME IN!

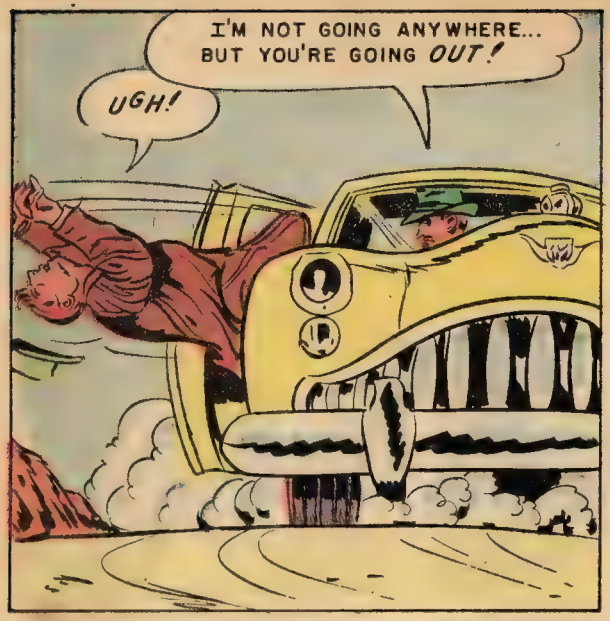
THE NEXT DAY, ROCKY SCOUTED THE SLUMS FOR A LIKELY "CUSTOMER"--AND FOUND ONE--A HOMELESS, FORSAKEN BUM...

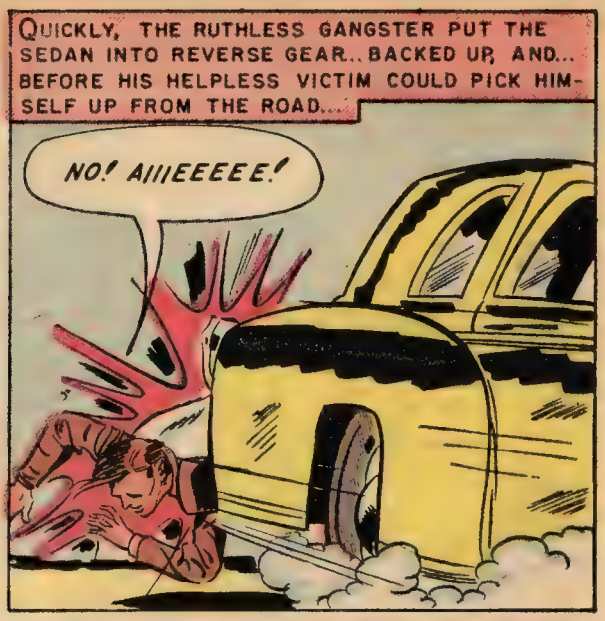
GHEE... I STILL CAN'T FIGURE WHY YOU'RE STAKING ME!

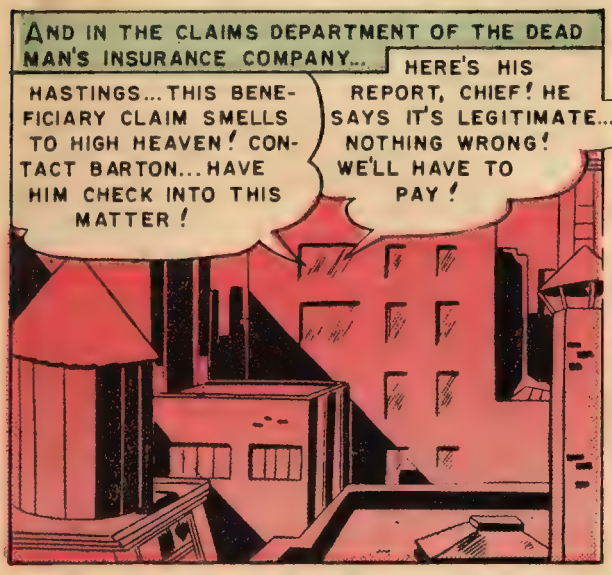
I TOLD YOU, CHUM. YOU LOOK LIKE MY DEAD BROTHER. NOW GO GET YOURSELF A CIGAR.

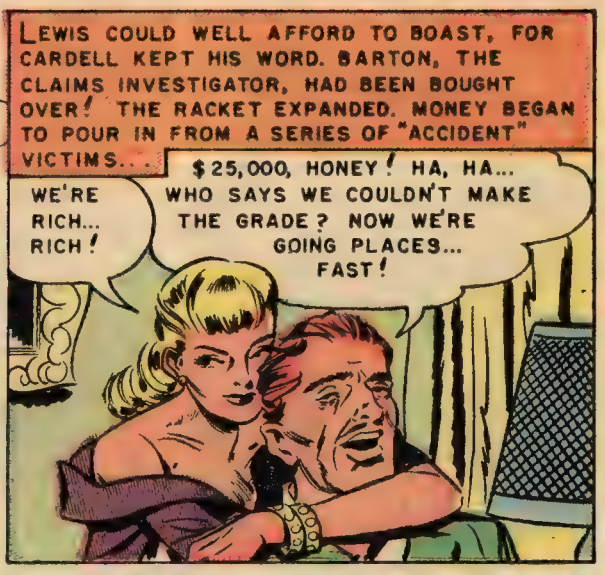
THUS BEFRIENDING THE MAN, LEWIS' NEXT STEP WAS TO GET HIM SIGNED UP FOR AN ACCIDENT POLICY... SOMETHING HIS GRATEFUL DUPE WAS ONLY TO GLAD TO DO, AS LONG AS HIS DAILY ALCOHOLIC INTAKE WAS GIVEN HIM. THEN A MONTH LATER ON THE HIGHWAY...

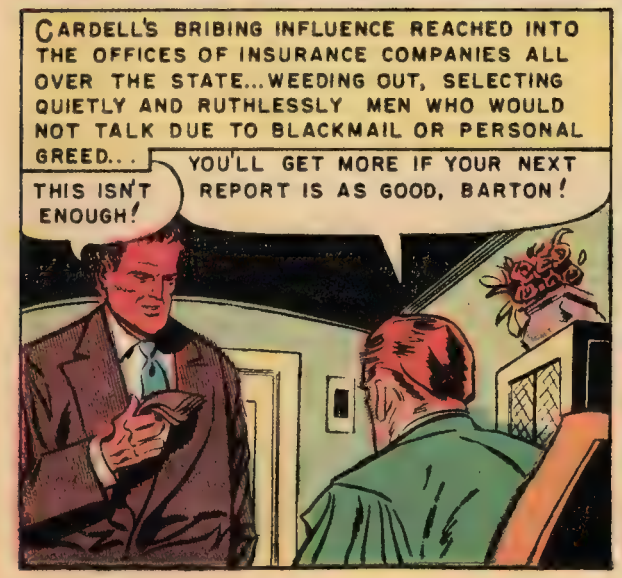
I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU, ROCKY! WHERE ARE WE GOING?


I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE... BUT YOU'RE GOING OUT!
UGH!

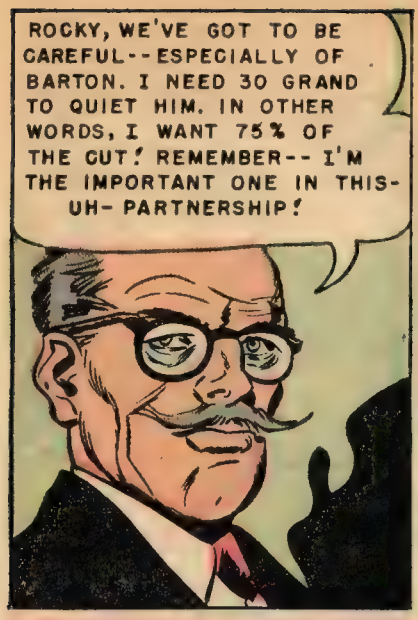

QUICKLY, THE RUTHLESS GANGSTER PUT THE SEDAN INTO REVERSE GEAR...BACKED UP, AND... BEFORE HIS HELPLESS VICTIM COULD PICK HIMSELF UP FROM THE ROAD...
NO! AIIIEEEEE!


AND IN THE CLAIMS DEPARTMENT OF THE DEAD MAN'S INSURANCE COMPANY...
HASTINGS...THIS BENEFICIARY CLAIM SMELLS TO HIGH HEAVEN! CONTACT BARTON...HAVE HIM CHECK INTO THIS MATTER!
HERE'S HIS REPORT, CHIEF! HE SAYS IT'S LEGITIMATE... NOTHING WRONG! WE'LL HAVE TO PAY!


LEWIS COULD WELL AFFORD TO BOAST, FOR CARDELL KEPT HIS WORD. BARTON, THE CLAIMS INVESTIGATOR, HAD BEEN BOUGHT OVER! THE RACKET EXPANDED. MONEY BEGAN TO POUR IN FROM A SERIES OF "ACCIDENT" VICTIMS...
WE'RE RICH... RICH!
$25,000, HONEY! HA, HA... WHO SAYS WE COULDN'T MAKE THE GRADE? NOW WE'RE GOING PLACES... FAST!

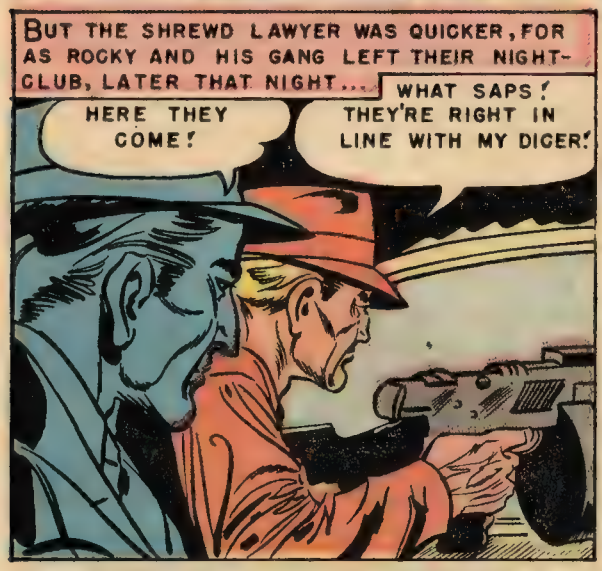

CARDELL'S BRIBING INFLUENCE REACHED INTO THE OFFICES OF INSURANCE COMPANIES ALL OVER THE STATE...WEEDING OUT, SELECTING QUIETLY AND RUTHLESSLY MEN WHO WOULD NOT TALK DUE TO BLACKMAIL OR PERSONAL GREED...
THIS ISN'T ENOUGH!
YOU'LL GET MORE IF YOUR NEXT REPORT IS AS GOOD, BARTON!

BUT NOW CARDELL WANTED MORE FOR HIS SERVICES. ROCKY LEWIS AND HIS NEWLY ORGANIZED GANG WERE IN THE BACK OFFICES OF THEIR NEW NIGHTCLUB, WHEN THEY HAD A VISITOR...
CARDELL'S HERE, BOSS!
SHOW HIM IN, MUGSY!

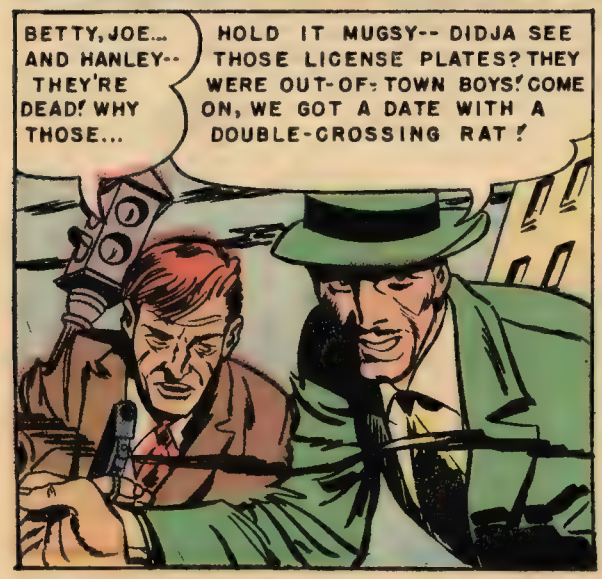

ROCKY, WE'VE GOT TO BE CAREFUL--ESPECIALLY OF BARTON. I NEED 30 GRAND TO QUIET HIM. IN OTHER WORDS, I WANT 75% OF THE CUT! REMEMBER-- I'M THE IMPORTANT ONE IN THIS-UH- PARTNERSHIP!

YOU ARE, EH? NOW GET OUT, SHYSTER! AND AS FOR BARTON--YOU LEAVE HIM TO US!

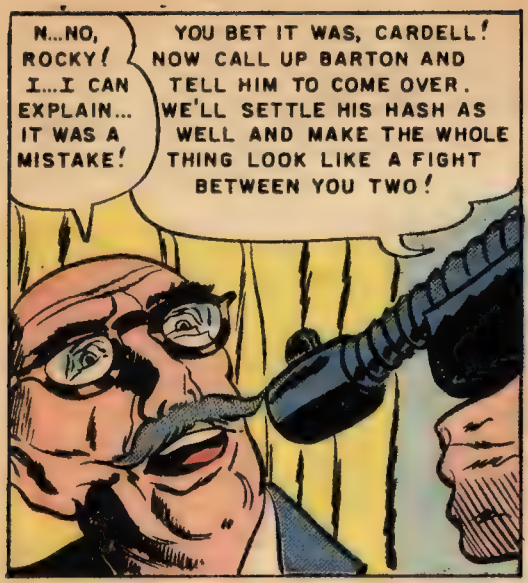
ROCKY- WAS THAT WISE? WHAT CARDELL SAID MADE SENSE!
I CAN ALWAYS HIRE ANOTHER CROOKED LAWYER. BOYS--CARDELL'S GOING TO BE SICK, PERMANENT..!

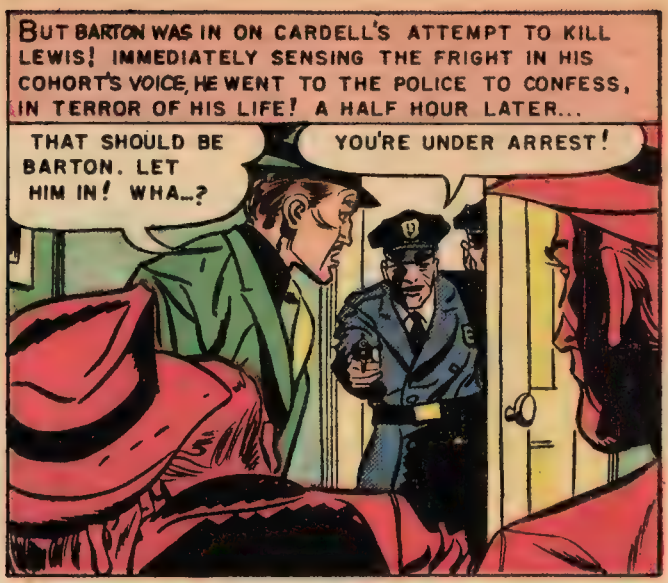

BUT THE SHREWD LAWYER WAS QUICKER, FOR AS ROCKY AND HIS GANG LEFT THEIR NIGHT-CLUB, LATER THAT NIGHT...
HERE THEY COME!
WHAT SAPS! THEY'RE RIGHT IN LINE WITH MY DIGER!

GET BACK!
RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT---

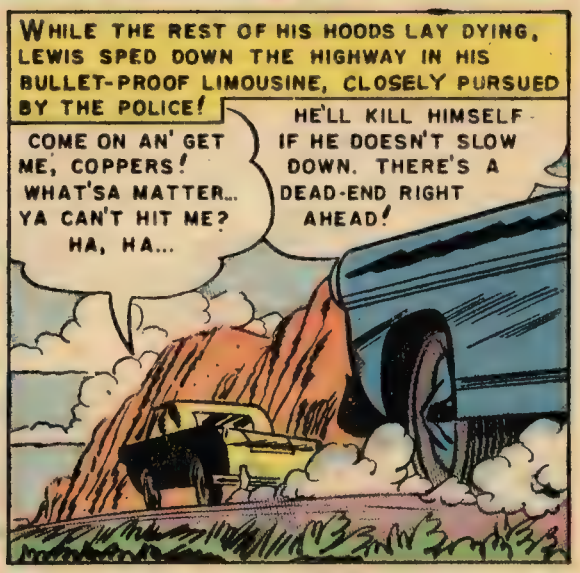

BETTY, JOE... AND HANLEY-- THEY'RE DEAD! WHY THOSE...
HOLD IT MUGSY-- DIDJA SEE THOSE LICENSE PLATES? THEY WERE OUT-OF-TOWN BOYS! COME ON, WE GOT A DATE WITH A DOUBLE-CROSSING RAT!

LATER, AT THE SWANK APARTMENT OF ANTHONY CARDELL, A DOOR WAS SILENTLY FORCED OPEN, AND...
YOU GOT THEM, THEN? GOOD, I'LL ---
PUT DOWN THAT PHONE, CRUM! THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO KNOW!


N...NO, ROCKY! I...I CAN EXPLAIN... IT WAS A MISTAKE!
YOU BET IT WAS, CARDELL! NOW CALL UP BARTON AND TELL HIM TO COME OVER. WE'LL SETTLE HIS HASH AS WELL AND MAKE THE WHOLE THING LOOK LIKE A FIGHT BETWEEN YOU TWO!


BUT BARTON WAS IN ON CARDELL'S ATTEMPT TO KILL LEWIS! IMMEDIATELY SENSING THE FRIGHT IN HIS COHORT'S VOICE, HE WENT TO THE POLICE TO CONFESS, IN TERROR OF HIS LIFE! A HALF HOUR LATER...
THAT SHOULD BE BARTON. LET HIM IN! WHA...?
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

YOU'VE PLAYED YOUR LAST TRICK, CARDELL!
STOP HIM! HE'S HEADING FOR THE FIRE-ESCAPE!


WHILE THE REST OF HIS HOODS LAY DYING, LEWIS SPED DOWN THE HIGHWAY IN HIS BULLET-PROOF LIMOUSINE, CLOSELY PURSUED BY THE POLICE!
COME ON AN' GET ME, COPPERS! WHAT'SA MATTER... YA CAN'T HIT ME? HA, HA...
HE'LL KILL HIMSELF IF HE DOESN'T SLOW DOWN. THERE'S A DEAD-END RIGHT AHEAD!

BUT LEWIS HADN'T SPOTTED IT, AND AS HIS CAR REACHED THE FIRST EMBANKMENT...
CRASH!
YAAAAAAAH!

WELL, THAT'S THAT! HE'S DEAD ALL RIGHT! CALL HEADQUARTERS AND HAVE THEM ROUND UP HIS CONTACTS IN THE INSURANCE COMPANIES. THEY'RE A BLOT TO THE HONEST PEOPLE WHO WORK THERE! THE FLOP RACKET HAS BEEN CRACKED!
ROCKY LEWIS, IRONICALLY, HAD MET THE SAME FATE AS THAT OF HIS VICTIMS, BUT UNLIKE THEM, HE HAD NOT INSURED HIMSELF FOR...DEATH!

habit traps a killer!

The loud bark of his dog brought Jack Thompson to the door of the bungalow he owned. It was night and all was dark at that late hour. Unwilling to awaken his wife and children by switching on the electric light, Jack had removed a flashlight from a desk drawer on his way to investigate the howls of the hound.

"What's the matter with that dog," he muttered under his breath as he unfastened the latch of the screen door, pushed the door open, and stepped outside. A flick of his thumb brought the flashlight into play, illuminating the back yard, where Thompson had chained the dog before retiring for the night.

A gun shot rang out, then another and finally a third. Thompson slumped to the ground. He never learned what made his dog howl. The flash of his hand torch had turned him into a perfect target for a killer then unknown.

The blast of gunfire brought the terrified and trembling Mrs. Thompson out of her slumbers. She hastened to the scene of her husband's sudden demise. Moments later, neighbors responded to her silence-piercing cries. The first of these to assemble summoned a doctor, who lost little time before announcing his findings.

"Thompson died instantly," he declared. "Three shots pierced vital parts of his body – one, his neck, severing the jugular vein; another entered his left temple, and the third lodged above the right ear. There is scant doubt any of these shots could have been fatal."

The local coroner confirmed the doctor's statement.

There was, however, the question of who had killed Jack Thompson – who, and why?

This proved a problem that perplexed Chief of Police Wilson and his associates for a time – but not for long.

The solution was simple; astonishingly so. And it revealed what experts in crime often aver – that "Habits Trap Killers."

Study the habits of killers and you'll find the killers themselves, they maintain.

Chief Wilson, scanning the scene of the crime some hours after the dastardly deed had been perpetrated, suddenly frowned. He bent over, picked up a bit of wood between forefinger and thumb, examined it closely and pondered a moment or two. Then he stooped again, repeating his previous actions, but this time picking up more short wooden sticks than he had the first time. These he transferred from the fingers of his right hand to the palm of his left hand before speaking.

"Boys," he exclaimed. "I might have something here. Match sticks, chewed up and broken. Could it be that Thompson's killer dropped them?"

It was still just a shot in the dark – a mere guess. Perhaps the matches offered a clue. Then again, perhaps they meant nothing. They could have been tossed aside by anybody, not alone the wanted killer.

That persons without criminal intent also chew on and break match sticks, Chief Wilson was well aware. He didn't put too much faith in the slivers of wood as an aid to the solution of this crime; he just hoped they would serve some useful purpose.

Then, too, he was troubled as to the reason for the killing. No motive had yet been advanced, nor had one suggested itself. Was it a case of ordinary robbery exploding into murder so that the would-be thief could escape detection? Was it an act of revenge – retaliation for some harm Thompson might have done to another?

The questions Chief Wilson asked himself set him to thinking.

But robbery was ruled out when an investigation revealed Jack Thompson owned little of real value, outside of his house. He worked hard for a small salary, not much of which remained in his possession after the weekly bills were settled.

As for revenge, that, too, seemed a rather

farfetched motive. Thompson, a poll of neighbors brought to light, had been well liked. None knew of a single enemy of the slain man; all had a kind word for him. Nor could anybody advance a reason of any sort why harm should have come to him in the fashion it did.

Perhaps it was a case of mistaken identity, mused Chief Wilson as he returned to the Thompson bungalow after making the rounds in search of possible clues. Returning to his destination, he switched off the ignition and stepped out of his car. As he closed the door, his attention fell on one person in the gathering before the Thompson home who appeared somewhat more curious than the others. Inquiry revealed this man to be Tom Snow, a firm friend of the deceased. Or so it was commonly believed.

"Snow," said Wilson after some introductory remarks, "I wonder if you have any idea who might have killed Thompson. I understand you and he were good friends. Do you know anyone who had reason to kill him?"

"Not a person in the world," replied Snow. "Jack was one of my best friends. If anybody had anything against him, I didn't know it."

"Thanks," said Chief Wilson, the questioning seemingly ended.

Yet the Chief of Police was not convinced of Snow's sincerity.

Entering the Thompson home, he referred to the interview in a conversation with Detective Walker, commenting about a reply made by Snow which had not quite satisfied him.

Walker thought Snow could stand further questioning. A glance through a window revealed to him that Tom Snow was still in front of the house. Walker opened the door and beckoned to him. The latter responded.

"Snow," said the detective. "Do you mind coming over to the station house for a few moments? You knew Jack Thompson so well, you may be able to give us more information about him than anyone else. Won't take long."

Snow accompanied Detective Walker to the latter's office.

They talked and smoked for a half-hour. The discussion finished, Snow took his leave. Detective Walker could hardly wait for the former to get out of sight before phoning Chief Wilson."

"Chief," he stated. "Get over to the station house as soon as you can. I've got something to show you."

About 15 minutes elapsed before Chief Wilson arrived. As he entered, Detective Walker greeted him with a stretched out hand.

"Look here," he said quietly, extending in the Chief's direction an ash tray heaped with broken and chewed match sticks.

"Tom Snow did this while we were talking," Walter explained. "Didn't do too much smoking, but look at all the match sticks he chewed and twisted up."

The plot was thickening. But still there was not enough evidence for an indictment, much less a conviction.

But in the next few weeks, matters jelled. Chief Wilson and Detective Walker had an air tight case. They presented it to the grand jury. And an indictment was brought in.

Tom Snow went on trial for the murder of Jack Thompson.

The motive: Thompson had threatened Snow with a beating if he repeated in trying to force his attentions on the attractive Mrs. Thompson.

Somehow, either because of her grief or because she feared it would bring shame to her, Mrs. Thompson had failed to relate this important evidence to the police at the time of her husband's death. But she spoke freely during the trial.

Brought to light, too, was the fact that Snow had borrowed a shotgun — "for some hunting," he had said — on the very day Jack Thompson was shot. This proved to be the death weapon.

But none of this overwhelming evidence could have been produced if not for the suspicion aroused by the finding of chewed and broken matches, a clue discovered by Chief Wilson and pursued by Detective Walker, both of whom were aware of the value of habit study in crime detection. In this case, it led to a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree for Tom Snow, who was sentenced to the full penalty of the law.

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THE BLOODIEST ALLIANCE IN THE ANNALS OF CRIME IS THAT OF CAPONE'S TWO TRIGGER MEN, JOHN SCALISI AND HIS SHADOW, ALBERT ANSELMI. TO THEM, MURDER WAS A BUSINESS, AND SO TRIGGER HAPPY WERE THEY THAT GANGLAND CALLED THEM

CRIME'S HOMICIDE SQUAD!

WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU HEARD US SIGNAL YOU TO STOP!

WE'LL LET THE COPPERS HAVE IT WHEN THEY GET A LITTLE CLOSER!

WE NEVER HEARD NOTHIN'! WE WASN'T TRYIN' TO LAM OUT ON YA!

THE BOSS HAD GIVEN THE WORD. O'BANION WAS CAUSING TROUBLE AND HAD TO BE BUMPED OFF. ON NOVEMBER 24, 1924, THE KILLERS ARRIVED FOR THE JOB. WITH THEM WAS MIKE GENNA...

MR. O'BANION, YOU GOT THE FLOWERS READY?

SURE, MIKE. HOW ARE YOU?

O'BANION WAS A KILLER TOO. HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN ON HIS GUARD FOR TREACHERY.

WHY, YOU..... AGHHHHH!

THE MURDER OF O'BANION WAS ONE OF CHICAGO'S MOST SENSATIONAL CRIMES. FOR SCALISI AND ANSELMI IT MEANT GANGLAND RECOGNITION. IT LEAD TO OTHER WORK...

...SOMETIMES A VICTIM WAS CUT DOWN...

...SOMETIMES THE SWIFT STROKE OF THE KNIFE DID THE WORK...

...SOMETIMES THE JOB CALLED FOR A DROWNING...THE VICTIM'S FEET ENCASED IN HARDENED CEMENT...

THE TWO KILLERS WERE EARNING A REPUTATION. WHEN THEY HAD DONE A GOOD JOB, THEY WOULD CELEBRATE...

IT WAS A SIGHT TO SEE WHEN I RAN THE KNIFE IN HIM, JOHN!

YOU TALK TOO MUCH. FIRST THING YOU KNOW, THE POLICE WILL BE ASKING QUESTIONS!

MIKE GENNA AND HIS BROTHERS HAD BEEN FRIENDLY WITH CAPONE, BUT WITHIN SIX MONTHS AFTER O'BANION'S MURDER THEY BECAME DEADLY ENEMIES. CAPONE CALLED IN HIS HOMICIDE SQUAD...

WE GOT ANGELO GENNA FOR MUSCLING INTO THE *UNIONE* LEADERSHIP... BUT IT AIN'T GONNA BE SO EASY TO NAB MIKE!

BOSS, MIKE IS OUR FRIEND! HE WILL SUSPECT NOTHING!

CONTROL OF THE UNIONE SICILIONE MEANT CONTROL OF THOUSANDS OF SICILIANS LIVING IN CHICAGO. SCALISI ARRANGED A FRIENDLY MEETING WITH MIKE GENNA. ON THE MORNING OF JUNE 13 TH, 1925...

IT IS FINE WEATHER, MIKE. I THOUGHT PERHAPS WE COULD GO RIDING OUT BY THE LAKE.

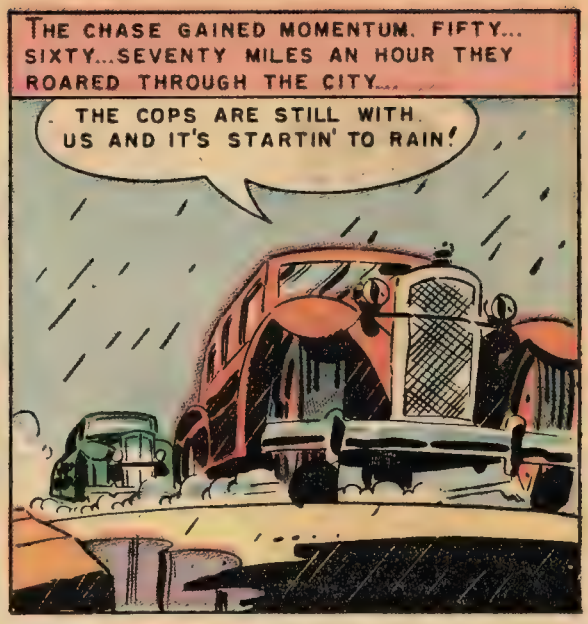
SURE. WE'LL GO IN MY CAR!

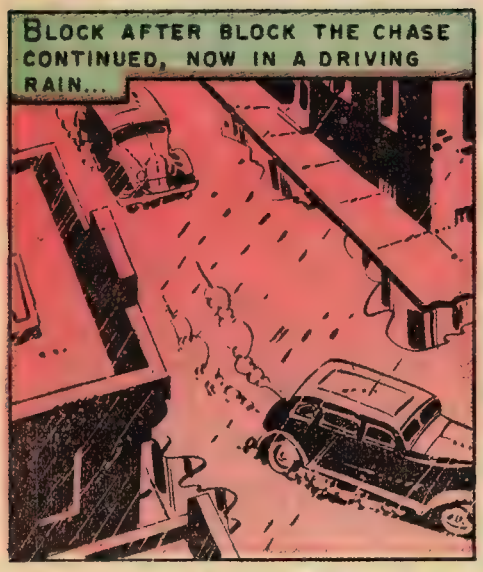
SO MIKE GENNA UNWITTINGLY WAS TAKING HIS LAST RIDE, EVEN THOUGH FATE WAS MAKING A SLIGHT CHANGE IN THE ORDER OF EVENTS...

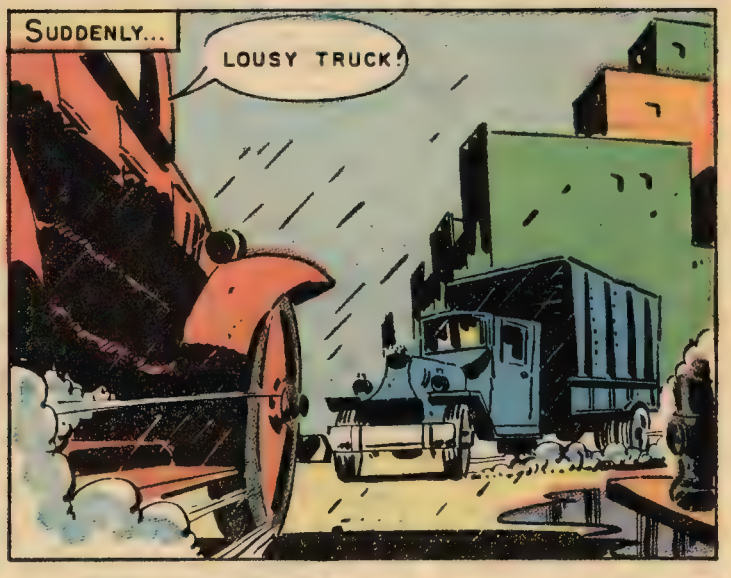
LOOK, CHARLIE, HOODLUMS IN THAT CAR!

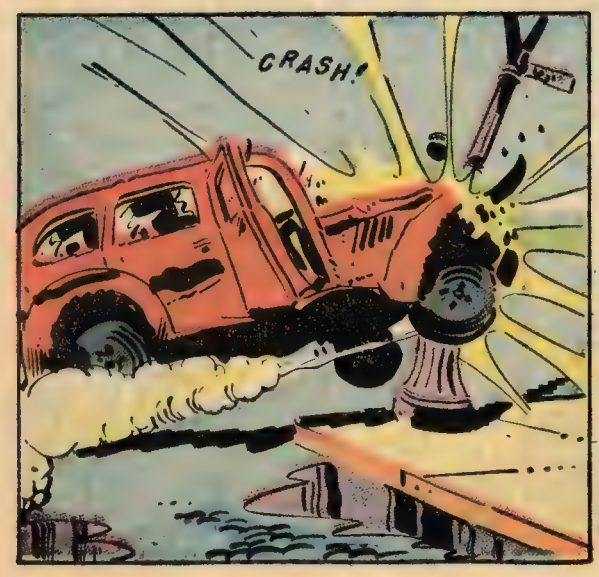
LET'S FOLLOW THEM.

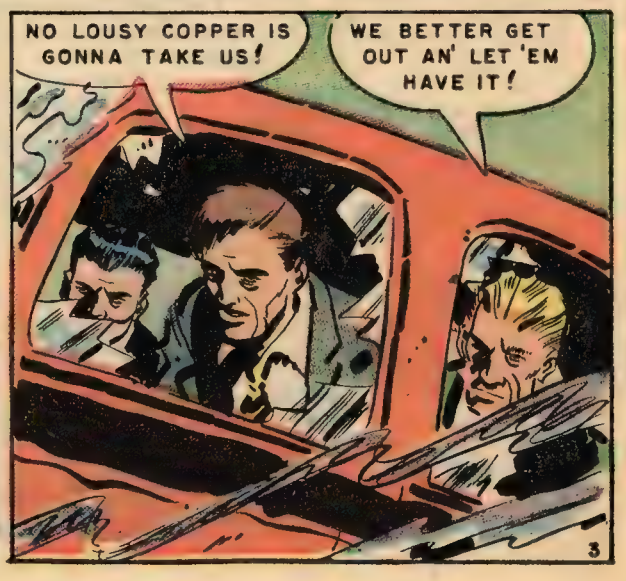
MIKE! THOSE ARE COPPERS IN THAT CAR.
OKAY, ANSELMI, HOLD YOUR SEAT! WE'LL GIVE 'EM A REAL RIDE!


THE CHASE GAINED MOMENTUM. FIFTY... SIXTY...SEVENTY MILES AN HOUR THEY ROARED THROUGH THE CITY...
THE COPS ARE STILL WITH US AND IT'S STARTIN' TO RAIN!

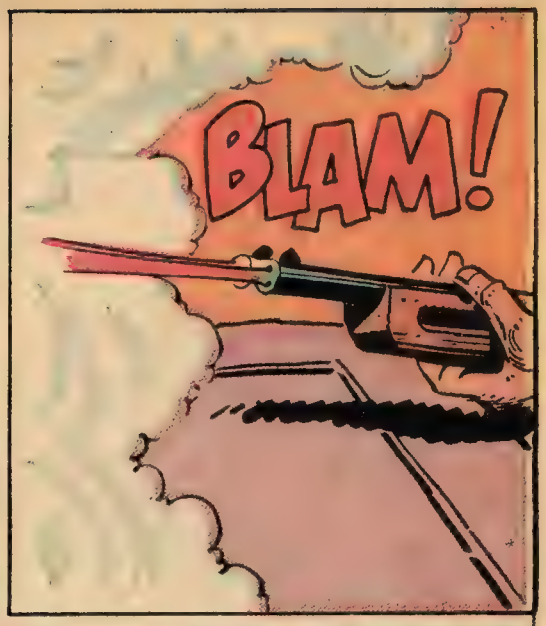

BLOCK AFTER BLOCK THE CHASE CONTINUED, NOW IN A DRIVING RAIN...


SUDDENLY...
LOUSY TRUCK!


CRASH!


NO LOUSY COPPER IS GONNA TAKE US!
WE BETTER GET OUT AN' LET 'EM HAVE IT!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU GUYS? YOU HEARD US SIGNAL FOR YOU TO STOP !


BLAM!

OFFICERS HAROLD OLSON AND CHARLES WALSH WERE MORTALLY WOUNDED, BUT THEY FOUGHT ON IN SPITE OF THEIR EBBING STRENGTH.

WE'RE OUTA SLUGS. COME ON, LAM OUTA HERE!
HEY, WAIT! I'M WOUNDED.

THE MURDEROUS PAIR PAID NO HEED TO MIKE GENNA..... HE DIED BEFORE HELP CAME. NOT BY THE GUNS OF THE TWO KILLERS, BUT FROM BULLETS OUT OF THE GUNS OF THE COPS HE HATED...

IN THE PASSING OF THE YEARS, THE PAIR GREW IN UNDERWORLD STATURE...

THEY WERE CREDITED WITH THE MURDER OF HYMIE WEISS, WHO HAD TAKEN OVER THE LEADERSHIP OF THE O'BANION MOB...

AND THEY TOOK PART IN THE ST. VALENTINE'S DAY MASSACRE...IN WHICH MOST OF THE O'BANION MOB WAS WIPED OUT...

MEANWHILE CAPONE HAD APPOINTED TONY LOMBARDO HEAD OF THE UNIONE SICILIONE. LOMBARDO HAD BEEN MURDERED. NEXT, CAPONE HAD APPOINTED JOSEPH GUINTA. BUT...

I MADE A MISTAKE, JOHN. GUINTA IS TOO WEAK. I'M GONNA MAKE YOU HIS ASSISTANT, SEE? YOU CAN MANAGE HIM, YEAH?

SURE, AL!

POWER MADE SCALISI LOSE HIS FORMER CLOSE-MOUTHED MANNER. HE BEGAN TO STRUT IN FRONT OF HIS COUNTRYMEN...

I'M THE MOST POWERFUL MAN IN CHICAGO! I CONTROL THE UNIONE! THAT MEANS *NOBODY* IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN ME!

YEAH, JOHN'S A BIG GUY!

WORD GOT TO CAPONE...

WHY, THAT LOUSY..... I MADE HIM WHAT HE IS! IF I DIDN'T NEED THE RAT I'D HAVE BUMPED HIM OFF... AN' ANSELMI WITH HIM!

THE UNDERWORLD HELD A PEACE CONFERENCE IN 1928. THEY RESOLVED NOT TO MURDER ONE ANOTHER ANYMORE. BUT THERE WERE DIFFERENCES!

NO PEACE WITH YOU, CAPONE, UNTIL YA KNOCK OFF SCALISI AN' ANSELMI! THEY KNOCKED OFF SEVEN OF MY BOYS ON ST. VALENTINE'S DAY!

I GOTTA THINK THAT OVER, MORAN...

CAPONE HAD A CHANCE TO WIPE OUT THE MISTAKES OF PLACING BOTH GUINTA AND SCALISI IN HIGH OFFICE... THERE WAS A LAVISH BANQUET... AS ONLY PROHIBITION GANGS KNEW HOW TO ENTERTAIN...

TO CELEBRATE OUR NEW PEACE AGREEMENT, BOYS! OUR GUESTS OF HONOR, JOHN SCALISI, JOE GUINTA AN' AL ANSELMI! GIVE 'EM A HAND!

HI, BOYS! BRAVO! TAKE A BOW!

THANK YOU... THANK YOU.

IN THE END, THE INEVITABLE FIGHT... BUT SCALISI AND ANSELMI HAD NOT DRUNK TOO HEAVILY... TAKING NO CHANCES, EVEN AMONG FRIENDS...

TAKE IT SLOW, BOYS! THIS IS NO TIME TA FIGHT!

THAT WAS THE SIGNAL... THE MOB CLOSED IN...

... AND CAPONE'S BOYS WENT TO WORK! IT WAS A SATISFYING REVENGE AGAINST THOSE UNGRATEFUL KILLERS...

SO ENDED THE CAREERS OF SCALISI AND ANSELMI AND JOSEPH GUINTA... VICTIMS OF THE STRATEGY THEY THEMSELVES HAD USED. THE SMILING LIPS AND THE TREACHEROUS HEART!

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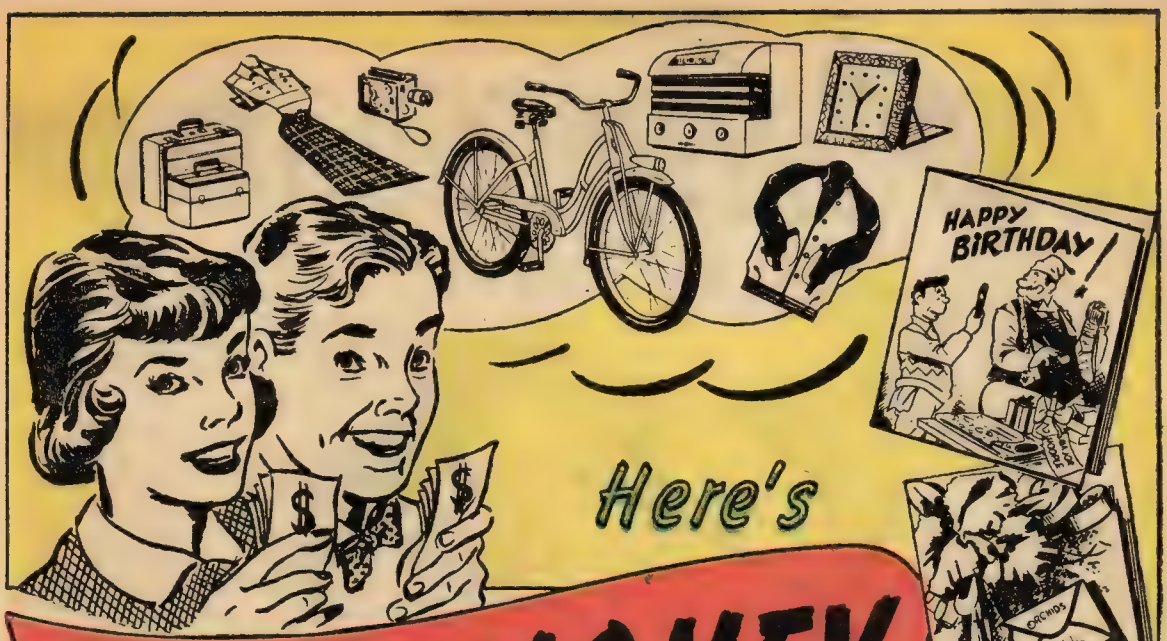

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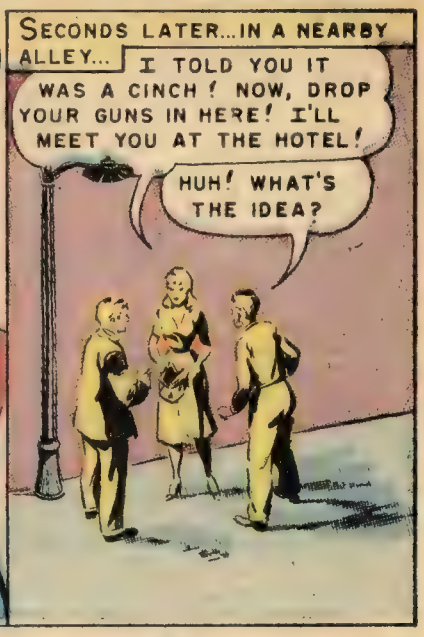
A MOMENT LATER, AT THE CASHIER'S DESK..
CHECK, PLEASE.
HERE, SISTER.. NOW, BOYS!

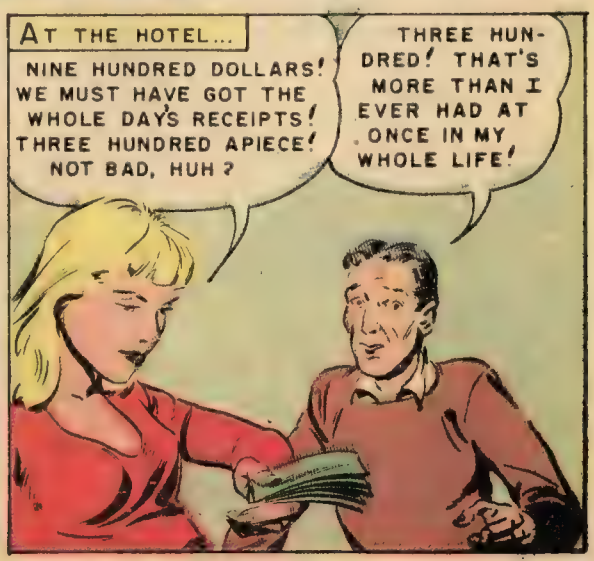
OHHHH!... A HOLDUP!
WELL, AREN'T YOU THE BRIGHT ONE! HAND OVER WHAT'S IN THAT REGISTER! QUICK!

I SAID, QUICK! MAYBE THIS WILL WAKE YOU UP! GET THAT MONEY OUT!
OWW!

HERE, THAT'S EVERY-THING!
IT BETTER BE! ALL RIGHT, BOYS. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!


SECONDS LATER...IN A NEARBY ALLEY...
I TOLD YOU IT WAS A CINCH! NOW, DROP YOUR GUNS IN HERE! I'LL MEET YOU AT THE HOTEL!
HUH! WHAT'S THE IDEA?

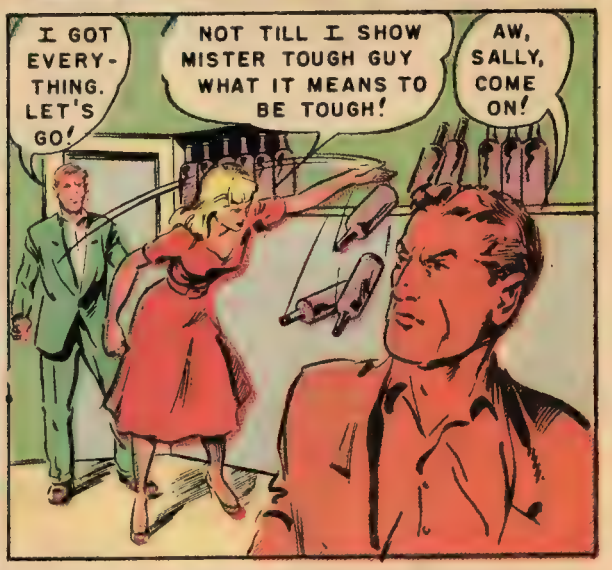
SO YOU'RE CLEAN. IF THE COPS SHOULD PICK YOU UP, STUPID. NOW BEAT IT. THIS IS NO PICNIC!
OKAY, MARIE. WE'LL SEE YOU LATER...COME ON, HARRY


AT THE HOTEL...
NINE HUNDRED DOLLARS! WE MUST HAVE GOT THE WHOLE DAY'S RECEIPTS! THREE HUNDRED APIECE! NOT BAD, HUH?
THREE HUN-DRED! THAT'S MORE THAN I EVER HAD AT ONCE IN MY WHOLE LIFE!

THE NEXT NIGHT, MARIE TAKES THEM ON ANOTHER JOB. THIS TIME A LIQUOR STORE...
SORRY, FOLKS, BUT YOU'RE TOO LATE. I'M CLOSING.
WELL, ISN'T THAT NICE. WE CAUGHT YOU JUST IN TIME!

GET 'EM UP!
SO THAT'S IT, HUH? NO PUNK KIDS ARE GOING TO STICK ME UP!... UNHHH!
MARIE! YOU...YOU SHOT HIM!

WHAT DID YOU EXPECT? HE WAS GOING FOR HIS GUN, WASN'T HE?...HARRY, GET THAT TILL!
O...OKAY, MARIE.


I GOT EVERY-THING. LET'S GO!
NOT TILL I SHOW MISTER TOUGH GUY WHAT IT MEANS TO BE TOUGH!
AW, SALLY, COME ON!

SHUT UP! NOBODY'S GOING TO GIVE ME ANY TROUBLE WITHOUT GETTING IT BACK DOUBLE!
MARIE! WE'LL GET CAUGHT IF WE HANG AROUND HERE MUCH LONGER! YOU WANT TO BRING THE COPS?

IT'LL BE A LONG TIME BEFORE HE TRIES TO SHOW HOW BRAVE HE IS AGAIN!
HOLY MOSES, MARIE, YOU SURE GOT A TEMPER!

SHORTLY AFTER, AT A DESERTED STREET CORNER...
GOSH, MARIE, YOU STILL PLAYING MASTER-MIND? YOU DON'T HAVE TO HOLD OUR GUNS. WE AIN'T KIDS!
SHUT YOUR TRAP! I'M RUNNING THIS SHOW! I'LL MEET YOU!

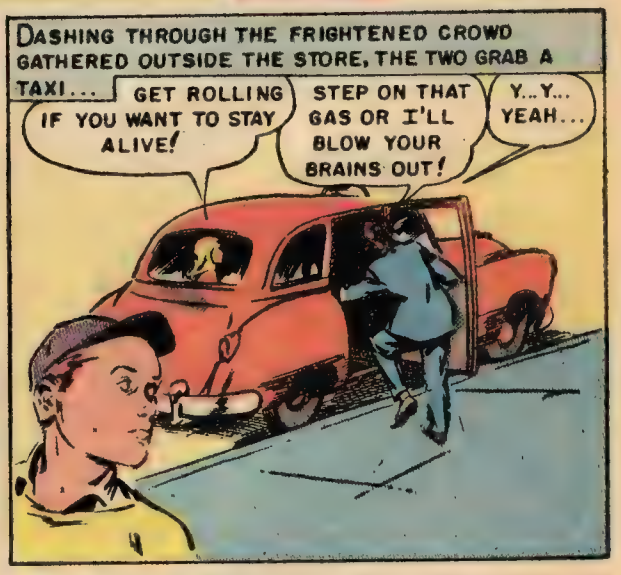
FOUR WEEKS AND SIXTEEN ROBBERIES LATER...
ALL WE KNOW IS THAT THERE'S A BLONDE GIRL AND TWO FELLOWS. THEY STRIKE LIKE GHOSTS AND LEAVE LIKE PHANTOMS. SOMETHING'S GOT TO BE DONE!
WE'RE COVERING EVERY ANGLE, CHIEF.
I KNOW, BUT WE'RE GETTING NOWHERE. THEIR TAKE IS FORTY GRAND ALREADY.
THEY CAN'T KEEP IT UP. THEY'RE BOUND TO SLIP... AND WHEN THEY DO...
MEANWHILE, MARIE GREW BOLDER AND BOLDER...
GET YOUR COAT, FRANK. I GOT A REAL HOT JOB LINED UP FOR US.
ARE YOU NUTS? IT'S ONLY TEN O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING! BESIDES, HARRY AIN'T HERE!
SO WHAT? I FEEL SAFER WITHOUT THAT STUPID JOKER AROUND, ANYWAY! ARE YOU GETTING SCARED?
NO, BUT WE OUGHT TO TAKE IT EASY FOR A WHILE. WE'VE MADE PLENTY AND...OKAY! OKAY! I'M COMING! LET'S GO!
A HALF HOUR LATER, AS MAX FEGLER CHECKS HIS MEAGER RECEIPTS OF THE LAST WEEK...
TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS! I WON'T EVEN BE ABLE TO PAY THE RENT...HEY!
HA! HA! DID YOU SEE HIM JUMP?
OKAY, POP, LET'S HAVE THE CASH AND MAKE IT SNAPPY!
BUT...BUT, I NEED IT FOR MY RENT...I...
YOU HEARD HER!
YOU...YOU LOAFERS! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GET MY HARD-EARNED MONEY!
HEY! GET AWAY!
EEEEE!

HELP! THIEVES! CROOKS!
GET HIM OFF, MARIE! LET HIM HAVE IT!
TURN HIM AROUND SO I CAN SHOOT!

I GOT HIM! OHH!
POLICE! POLICE!
SHUT UP, OR I'LL KILL YOU!

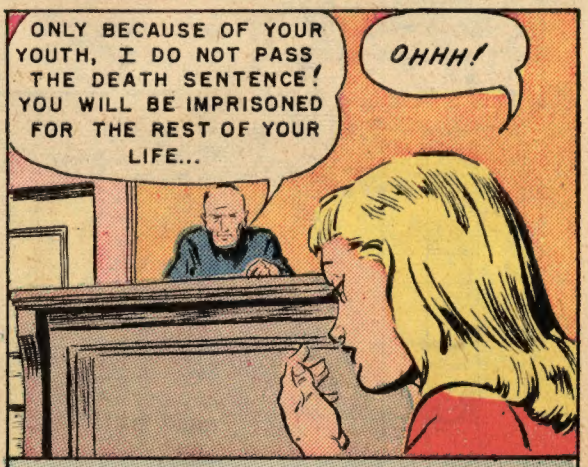
NOW! GET HIM NOW!
OKAY! THIS'LL SHUT HIM UP!
PO-UHHH!

YOU... YOU KILLED HIM! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
HE... HE ASKED FOR IT!


DASHING THROUGH THE FRIGHTENED CROWD GATHERED OUTSIDE THE STORE, THE TWO GRAB A TAXI...
GET ROLLING IF YOU WANT TO STAY ALIVE!
STEP ON THAT GAS OR I'LL BLOW YOUR BRAINS OUT!
Y...Y... YEAH...

HEAD DOWNTOWN AND DON'T TRY ANYTHING FUNNY.
O--OKAY, MISTER. I'M GOIN'!

WITHIN MINUTES THE POLICE ARRIVE AT THE SCENE OF THE KILLING...
TOUGH BREAK FOR THE OLD MAN. A NICE GUY.
YEAH...HEY, KID, WHAT DO YOU WANT IN HERE?
I--I CAN DESCRIBE THE..KILLERS. I SAW THEM GET IN A CAB.



FRANK GOT THE CHAIR. HARRY, PICKED UP LATER, RECEIVED A LONG PRISON TERM. TODAY, MARIE FACES A LIFETIME OF REGRET...

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I TRAINED THESE MEN

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"Soon after finishing the N. R. I. course, worked for servicing shop. Now I am Chief Engineer of WCUN, WNRN, WSPK, two-way FM Police Radio Installations." S. W. DINWIDDIE, Jacksonville, Ill.

Shop Specializes in Television
"Have my own shop. Am authorized serviceman for 5 large manufacturers and do servicing for 7 dealers. N.R.I. has enabled me to build an enviable reputation in Television." P. MILLER, Maumee, O

Over $40 Month Spare Time
"When I enrolled, had no idea it would be so easy to learn. Have equipped my shop out of spare time earnings. I am clearing about $40 to $60 a month. Full credit to N.R.I." — J. D. KNIGHT, Denison, Texas.

NRI Graduate Doubles Salary
"Am with Station WKBO as transmitter operator. Have more than doubled salary since starting in Radio. Future looks bright. N. R. I. has been constant help to me."—A. HERR, New Cumberland, Pa.

$10 Week in Spare Time
"Before finishing your course, I earned as much as $10 a week in Radio servicing, at home in my spare time. I recommend N.R.I. to everyone who shows interest in Radio." S. J. PETRUFF, Miami, Fla.

Years of Success with Shop
"I operate my own shop and have over 500 customers. My profits average about $250 a month. Have had years of successful experience and I still praise N.R.I. training." J. H. ANDERSON, Atlanta, Ga.

Gets First Job Through N.R.I.
"My first job was operator with KDLR, obtained for me by your Graduate Service Dept. I am now Chief Engineer of Police Radio Station WQOX." T. S. NORTON, Hamilton, Ohio.

Regrets Not Enrolling Before
"Am proud of my diploma. I cannot say enough for the N. R. I. course. Regret I didn't take it years ago when I used to see your ads. Now I have a spare time shop." FRANK S. TUCKER, Hilton Village, Va.

1. EXTRA MONEY IN SPARE TIME

Many students make $5, $10 a week extra fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while learning. The day you enroll I start sending you SPECIAL BOOKLETS to show you how to do this. Tester you build with parts I send helps you service sets. All equipment is yours to keep.

2. GOOD PAY JOB

Your next step is a good job installing and servicing Radio-Television sets or becoming boss of your own Radio-Television sales and service shop or getting a good job in a Broadcasting Station. Today there are over 90,000,000 home and auto Radios. 3100 Broadcasting Stations are on the air. Aviation and Police Radio, Micro-Wave Relay, Two-Way Radio are all expanding, making more and better opportunities for servicing and communication technicians and FCC licensed operators.

3. BRIGHT FUTURE

And think of the opportunities in Television! In 1950 over 5,000,000 Television sets were sold. By 1954 authorities estimate 25,000,000 Television sets will be in use. Over 100 Television Stations are now operating, with experts predicting 1,000. Now is the time to get in line for success and a bright future in America's fast-growing industry. Be a Radio-Television Technician. Mail coupon for Lesson and Book—FREE

I Will Train You at Home

Read How You Practice Servicing or Communications with Many Kits of Parts You Get!

YOU BUILD this modern Radio (above) as part of my Servicing Course. Build this complete, powerful Radio Receiver that brings in local and distant stations. N. R. I. gives you ALL the Radio parts — speaker, tubes, chassis, transformer, sockets, loop antenna, EVERYTHING you need. You use material to get practical Radio experience. Make EXTRA money fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while training.

YOU MEASURE current, voltage (AC, DC and RF), resistance and impedance in circuits with Electronic Multitester (above right) you build as part of my Servicing or Communications Course.

YOU BUILD this Transmitter (right). As part of my Communications Course, I SEND YOU parts to build this low-power broadcasting transmitter. You learn how to put a station "on the air," perform procedures demanded of Broadcast Station operators make many practical tests

YOU BUILD this Wavemeter (below) in my Communications Course with parts I send you. Use it to determine frequency of operation and make other tests on transmitter currents. You conduct many interesting experiments.

This is just part of the equipment my students build. You keep all parts I send.

NOW! Advanced Television Practice

New, special TV kits furnished to build high-definition SCOPE . . . RF OSCILLATOR with flyback power supply . . . complete TV set . . . many other units. You see pulse, trapezoidal, saw-tooth wave forms. Get valuable PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE locating and correcting TV troubles. Mail coupon for facts, pictures and prices!

Keep your job while training at home. Hundreds I've trained are successful RADIO-TELEVISION TECHNICIANS. Most had no previous experience; many no more than grammar school education. Learn Radio-Television principles from illustrated lessons. Get PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE—build valuable Electronic Multitester for conducting tests; also practice servicing Radios or operating Transmitters—experiment with circuits common to Radio and Television. At left is just part of the equipment my students build with many kits of parts I furnish. All equipment is yours to keep. Many students make $5, $10 a week extra fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time.

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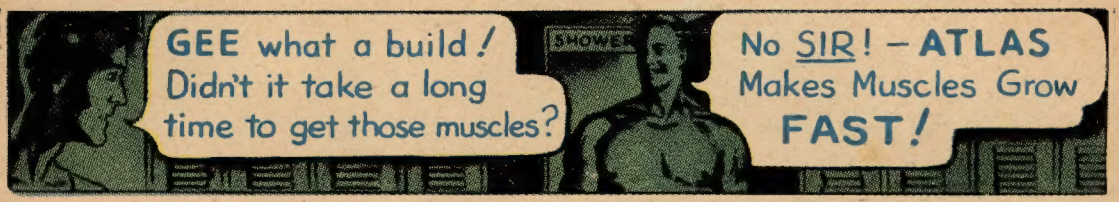
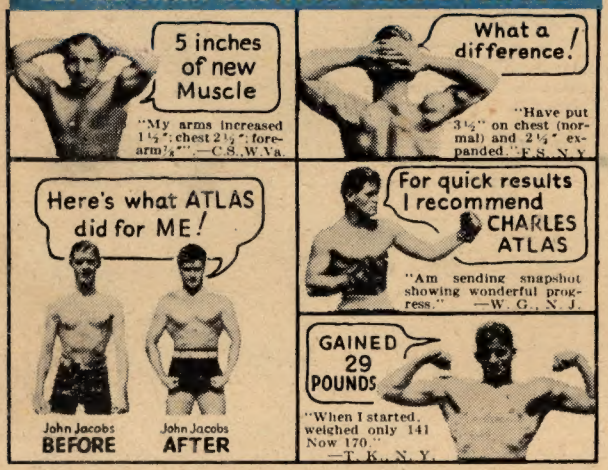


Will You Let Me PROVE I Can Make YOU a *New Man?*

LET ME START SHOWING RESULTS FOR YOU



CHARLES ATLAS

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I DON'T care how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add SOLID MUSCLE to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day—right in your own home—is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system INSIDE and OUTSIDE! I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice, new beautiful suit of muscle!

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"Dynamic Tension!" That's the ticket! The identical **natural** method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, skinny-chested weakling I was at 17 to my present super-man physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—**my way.** I give you **no gadgets or contraptions to fool with.** When you have learned to develop your strength through **"Dynamic Tension"** you can laugh at **artificial** muscle makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid LIVE MUSCLE.

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